

The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS:

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DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

FROM THE GLOBE.

Demise of President Harrison—Accession of Vice President Tyler.

We despatched an extra by yesterday morning's mails, announcing the death of the President, and we copy below the official notices of the event from the National Intelligencer of this morning. To them we add nothing, save a general impression as to the origin of the disorder which terminated so rapidly in dissolution. The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce alluded to it, in the first moment of the attack:

"The President is unwell. Many have predicted that there would be a fatal reaction in his system after the late excitement and change of habits that he has undergone."

President Harrison had recently been involved in a continual whirl of agitation. His participation in the various triumphal processions, fetes, balls, etc. with which he was everywhere, and which were continued until closed by those which followed the inauguration—the eager and constant press made upon him since, by the multitude who have pursued him for office, and the excitement growing out of the arbitrament of discordant claims—was more than one, truly represented by his physicians as suffering under age and debility, could long bear. The bodily labor he endured, apart from the weight upon his mind, was more than he had strength to support. For a time, sustained by the exhilaration of the animating events he passed through, his constitution bore up beyond expectation. But restlessness, anxiety, and fever followed, and as it seems, from the report of his physicians, inflammation and derangement was found to have affected all his vital organs.

From casual information which we have had from time to time, it seems that too little consideration was felt by his political friends for his condition. We understand that before he could reach the breakfast table in the morning, he was frequently waylaid in the hall, and persecuted for office—that his rooms were generally thronged by the time he rose from table, and that on some occasions, when under the necessity of holding communication with his Secretaries, he was obliged to make his escape the back way.

It is just to Gen. Harrison to say, that notwithstanding this press upon him by men who claimed to have given him power, he resisted the ruthless proscription which has been carried on in his name. Several we know he saved who had been marked for sacrifice. Others were removed to whom he had given assurances they should be spared, and who were afterwards informed by him that he did not know they were dismissed. And can any hold him responsible for the long list of worthy men and excellent officers who were struck from the roll during the week in which he himself lay upon the bed of death? During the week many clerks were dismissed from the Departments, and expressly told that it was exclusively on political grounds. Among them was Mr. Gouge of the Treasury, the eminent author of the work on banking, who was recommended to his station by his extensive information and high character as a man, not as a partisan for he never was one. This heatbath of victims who were struck down during General Harrison's illness, many of whose families are now turned out in a sort of orphanage on the world, must have been made in the spirit of heathen times, when sacrifices of unfortunate prisoners by custom attended the fall of an illustrious chief. A decent regard for appearance, ought to have suspended this distressing process of removals while the Chief Magistrate, who alone could authorize it, was too ill to attend to any of his duties. The successor of President Harrison, a man in the prime of life, and capable of looking into the condition of things for himself—one who must feel the responsibility of his place, & who may entertain a desire to maintain the position acquired by accident, through the approbation of the people—will probably set some bounds to the proscription, which we understand was intended to be carried on until every Democrat was swept from office. One of the Secretaries has distinctly avowed, that the Democrats should all be removed, because they would have no spies in the Departments. Will President Tyler sanction the doctrine that secrecy is to be the law of the Government, and that no man is to remain in employment who cannot be relied on to conceal the abuse which his superiors are unwilling to expose?

As it regards the general policy of the Government, the new presiding officer comes in under fortunate circumstances for his fame, if he has courage and independence equal to the occasion. He was nominated not as a conciliator in principle with the Northern party, who controlled in the selection of the Presidential candidate of the Whigs, but to conciliate the South, taking for Vice President one representing its principles. Mr. Tyler was known to be opposed to a National Bank, as both unconstitutional and inexpedient. He was known to be opposed to a National Debt—to a Protective Tariff—to National Internal Improvement—in a word, that he was a Southern man with Southern principles, of the Virginia school. If he now resolves to assert those principles as the guide of his administration, he cannot look for the support

of Messrs. Clay and Webster, and the politicians whose hopes hung upon them—he cannot look for support from Abolitionists and Antislaverys, nor the party of the National Bank. But if he throws himself upon the country in the maintenance of the doctrines of the Virginia school, he can command effectual support, without deferring to the politicians of any party. The whole South must support him on the score of principle, and for local considerations, and the Democracy of the North has invariably rallied to a man against Federalism, no matter what hand has raised the standard of resistance.

Mr. Tyler has no alternative but to set up for himself on his avowed principles, or to surrender them absolutely and become the pliant instrument of other men's ambition. He must acquiesce in all Mr. Clay's schemes—give his assent to all the mischievous ultra consolidating measures necessary to effect them, or he must make up his mind to quarrel with him. Mr. Clay's resolve is to be "Caesar or nothing."

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER OF THIS MORNING.

Washington, April 4, 1841.

An ill-wise Providence having suddenly removed from this life William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, we have thought it our duty, in the recess of Congress and in the absence of the Vice President from the seat of Government, to make this afflicting bereavement known to the country, by this declaration, under our hands.

He died at the President's House, in this city, this fourth day of April, anno Domini, 1841, at thirty minutes before one o'clock in the morning.

The People of the United States, overwhelmed, like ourselves, by an event so unexpected and so melancholy, will derive consolation from knowing that his death was calm and resigned, as his life has been patriotic and useful, and that the last utterance of his lips expressed a fervent desire for the perpetuity of the Constitution and the preservation of its true principles. In death as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.

DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING,
Secretary of the Treasury.
JOHN BELL,
Secretary of War.
J. J. CRITTENDEN,
Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER,
Postmaster General.

The solemn event which is announced above, although the public will have been in some degree prepared for it, will be to the whole country an astounding blow. The uninterrupted health of the deceased patriot, his robust constitution and active strength, up to the last week of his life, had left his countrymen nothing to wish and nothing to fear in regard either to his bodily or mental capacity for the able discharge of the high trust to which he has been called. The tens of thousands of citizens who assembled to witness the ceremony of his inauguration felt, in the clear tones of his trumpet voice, an assurance that he possessed health and strength equal to the arduous duties which lay before him. But this promise and this confidence were soon to suffer a sad reverse. The week before last, pursuing the practice of his active life, and his habit of early rising and exercise, the President, in the course of a long walk before breakfast, was overtaken by a slight shower, and got wet. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia, or bilious pleurisy, which ultimately baffled all medical skill, and terminated his virtuous, useful, and illustrious life, on Sunday morning, after an illness of eight days. He expired a little after midnight, surrounded by those members of his family who were in the city, the members of his Cabinet, and many personal friends. Immediately after his demise, the members of the Cabinet retired, and drew up and signed the above announcement, and caused it to be published. In the course of Saturday the President appeared so much better as to inspire hopes that his disease would be subdued, but about four p. m. a sudden and very unfavorable change took place, and he continued to sink until death closed the scene.

The last time the President spoke was at nine o'clock—a little more than three hours before he expired; and the words which he then uttered were so remarkable that they deserve to be recorded and remembered. While Dr. Worthington and one or two other attendants were standing over him, having just administered to his comfort, he cleared his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and, as though he fancied himself addressing his successor or some official associate in the Government, said: "Sir I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

These his last words were uttered in a distinct voice, and, as they were well calculated to do, impressed the gentlemen present so solemnly that Dr. Worthington immediately wrote them down for preservation. They present a brief but impressive record of the thoughts which occupied the last moment of the departed patriot, and are characteristic of the Roman devotion to his country which animated him throughout his life, and shone forth even in the hour of death. Thus passed from life, and from the station on earth most worthy of a noble ambition, this good and wise and illustrious citizen. It is not for us to attempt to do justice to the solemnity of the occasion, or to the deep grief which pervades all hearts. As more fitting and adequate than any thing which we could say, we quote the impressive language uttered from one of our pulpits yesterday by an eloquent Divine:

"The intelligence of this morning, my Christian friends, has filled thousands of hearts, and will fill thousands more, with sadness and anxiety. The Chief Magistrate of our Union is no more! One short month since, amidst the breathless attention of an immense multitude, with clear and solemn voice, he called God to witness that he would faithfully discharge the duties of his high office. He has now gone to appear in the presence of that God. The praises of his friends, the denunciation of his enemies, are alike awed into silence before this dispensation of mysterious Providence. Amid the busy schemings of man, the Supreme Ruler has manifested his power; and we read with trembling sadness this awful lesson, of the uncertainty of human life, the emptiness of earthly glory."

"You have seen—how recently and sadly seen!—that the summit of human power affords no security from the shafts of death. The illustrious man, lately almost a nation's idol, now lies in the calm deep slumber which knows no waking till the final day. Those deeds of service to his country which were so familiar to the lips of thousands, and that fidelity to his country's good, lately so fervently expressed, and as we trust so sincerely felt—these and all else that graced his character have followed him to the bar of the just and the merciful Judge. Before that bar, my friends, we also are to appear. We know not how soon. May we so use the present time as to prepare ourselves for that awful hour."

Immediately after the decease of the President, Mr. WEBSTER, jr. Chief clerk of the Department of State, accompanied by Mr. BEALL, an officer of the Senate, sat out for the residence of the VICE PRESIDENT, in Virginia, bearing to him the following letter:

"WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

"To JOHN TYLER,
"Vice President of the United States.
"Sir: It has become our most painful duty to inform you that WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, late President of the United States, has departed this life.

"This distressing event took place this day, at the President's Mansion in this city, at thirty minutes before one in the morning.

"We lose no time in despatching the Chief Clerk in the State Department as a special messenger to bear you these melancholy tidings.

"We have the honor to be, with the highest regard, your obedient servants,

DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING,
Secretary of the Treasury.
JOHN BELL,
Secretary of War.
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,
Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER,
Postmaster General.

REPORT OF THE PHYSICIANS.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

DEAR SIR: In compliance with the request made to us by yourself and the other gentlemen of the Cabinet, the attending and consulting physicians have drawn up the abstract of a report on the President's case, which I herewith transmit to you.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
THO. MILLER,
Attending Physician.

To the Hon. D. WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.

On Saturday, March 27, 1841, President HARRISON, after several days' previous indisposition, was seized with a chill, and other symptoms of fever. The next day pneumonia, with congestion of the liver, and derangement of the stomach and bowels, was ascertained to exist. The age and debility of the patient, with the immediate prostration, forbade a resort to general blood-letting. Topical depletion, blistering, and appropriate internal remedies, subdued, in a great measure, the disease of the lungs and liver; but the stomach and intestines did not regain a healthy condition. Finally, on the 3d of April, at 3 o'clock, p. m. profuse diarrhoea came on, under which he sank, at thirty minutes to 1 o'clock, on the morning of the fourth.

The last words uttered by the President, as heard by Dr. Worthington, were these: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

THO. MILLER, M. D.,
Attending Physician.
FRED. HAY, M. D.,
N. W. WORTHINGTON, M. D.,
J. C. HALL, M. D.,
ASHTON ALEXANDER, M. D.,
Consulting Physicians.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FUNERAL.

WASHINGTON, April 4, 1841.

The circumstances in which we are placed by the death of the PRESIDENT render it indispensable for us, in the recess of Congress and in the absence of the VICE PRESIDENT, to make arrangements for the funeral solemnities. Having consulted with the family and personal friends of the deceased, we have concluded that the funeral be solemnized on Wednesday, the 7th instant, at 12 o'clock. The religious services to be performed according to the usage of the Episcopal Church, in which church the deceased most usually worshipped. The body to be taken from the President's House to the Congressional Burying Ground, accompanied by a Military and a Civic Procession, and deposited in the Receiving Tomb.

The military arrangements to be under the direction of Major General MACOMB, the General Commanding in Chief of the Army of the United States, and Major General WALTER JONES, of the Militia of the District of Columbia.

Commodore MORRIS, the senior Captain in the Navy now in the city, to have the direction of the naval arrangements.

The Marshal of the District to have the direction of the civic procession, assisted by the Mayors of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, and such other citizens as they may see fit to call to their aid.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ex President of the United States, Members of Congress now in the city or its neighborhood, all the members of the Diplomatic body resident in Washington, all officers of Government, and citizens generally, are invited to attend.

And it is respectfully recommended to the officers of Government that they wear the usual badge of mourning.

DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.
THOMAS EWING,
Secretary of the Treasury.
JOHN BELL,
Secretary of War.
JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,
Attorney General.
FRANCIS GRANGER,
Postmaster General.

MILITIA OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The foregoing notice from the Heads of the Executive Departments of the Government in-

forms you what a signal calamity has befallen us, in the death of the President of the United States, and the prominent part assigned you in those funeral honors which may bespeak a Nation's respect to the memory of a departed patriot and statesman, whose virtue and talents, as a citizen and soldier, had achieved illustrious services, and whose sudden death has disappointed the expectation of still more important benefits to his country.

With a view to carry into effect the views of these high officers of Government in a manner befitting the occasion, and honorable to the militia corps of this District, I request the General and Field Officers, the General Staff, and the Commandants of Companies, to assemble at my house to-morrow, (Tuesday, April 6,) precisely at 10 o'clock, to report the strength and equipment of the several corps of the militia, and to receive final instructions for parade and arrangement in the military part of the funeral procession.

The commandants of such militia corps from the neighboring States as desire to unite in the procession are respectfully invited to report to me as soon as practicable their intention, with a view to arrange them in due and uniform order, as a part of the general military escort.

The detail of these arrangements, to which all the military accessories, both of the regulars and militia, are expected to conform, will be published in due time for the information of all.

For the present, it is deemed sufficient to say that the whole military part of the procession, including the regular troops of every arm and denomination, and all the militia corps, whether of this district or of the States, will be consolidated in one column of escort, whereof Major General MACOMB, commander of the army of the United States, will take the general command, and Brigadier General ROOPER JONES, Adjutant General of the Army of the United States, will act as Adjutant General and officer of the day.

WALTER JONES, Major General,
Commanding the Militia of the District of Columbia.

GENERAL ORDER.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

April 5, 1841.

The Department announces to the officers of the Navy and Marine Corps the death of William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, which occurred at the Executive Mansion, in the city of Washington, on the morning of the 4th inst. and directs that—uniting with their fellow-citizens in the manifestation of their respect for the exalted character and eminent public services of the illustrious deceased, and of their sense of the bereavement the country has sustained by this afflicting dispensation of Providence—they wear the usual badge of mourning for six months.

The department further directs that funeral honors be paid him at each of the Navy Yards, and on board each of the public vessels in commission, by firing twenty-five minute guns, commencing at 12 o'clock, m. on the day after the receipt of this order, and by wearing their flags at half mast for one week.

J. D. SIMMS,

Acting Secretary of the Navy.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,

April 5, 1841.

The Acting Secretary of the Navy desires that all officers of the Navy now at the seat of Government or in its neighborhood, will appear at the Navy Department in uniform, at 10 o'clock, a. m. on Wednesday the 7th inst. for the purpose of paying funeral honors to the late President of the United States.

THE FATE OF THE O'LEARYS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Bridget Shane," exclaimed Ellen Neville, at the same time peeping over the chair, which had been upturned at the door of Bridget's dwelling, for the purpose of keeping her grand children in, and the pig out. "Bridget Shane, have you heard the news?"

"What news, allena?" replied Bridget; "sorra morsel of news myself hears from Lammus to Shrovetide;—that is sorra a morsel that's worth the hearing."

"And what sort o' news granny, do ye count worth the hearing?" again inquired Ellen, shifting her position from the hatch door to a lounge against the door post, which she shouldered comacore in the 'true Irish style."

"What sort o' news is it?" replied the old woman, knocking the ashes out of her pipe, and placing the pipe in a hole in the wall, quite convenient, 'why the sort of news that I'd like to hear would be an everlasting end to the Tithes or mate for nothing a pound, and plenty of it, or to see the Counsellor himself king of Ireland, or to hear that Milly Naylor—Miss Milly Naylor, had the ague or something worse."

"What ails you, always at Miss Milly, granny?" said Ellen. "She's a kind, tender hearted young lady—gentle and generous, with a sweet smile and a blush on her cheek like a midsummer rose, yet ye never have a good word for her."

"And why should I?" replied the crone; "didn't her father turn Protestant? and isn't she at the head and the tail of the school? and doesn't the priest himself shake hands with her? I tell you, Ellen Neville, she has a way of bewitching the people—coming over them like—that's not right, and I know it isn't!"

"Well, then, granny, I will not tell you my news that's all; for it is about Miss Milly, and far from evenin' bad to her, it's evenin' good it'll be; and now good morrow, and God save ye, Bridget Shane!" And so saying the mischievous puss tripped away from the door, well knowing she had roused the old woman's curiosity, and full convinced she would quickly recall her to tell the news she coveted to hear. Ellen loved Millicent Naylor with all the warmth of an affectionate Irish heart, and consequently rejoiced at the prospect of tormenting the only enemy Miss Milly had in the parish. Why Bridget really hated the young lady it does not need to tell; she had in some degree accounted for her antipathy; but her prejudices were knit together by old clan-like feelings which it would be both idle and uninteresting to recount here.

"Halloo!" shouted the old woman, after the fleet-footed damsel.

Ellen went on.

"Jimmy," called Bridget to one of her grand children, who, habited with her primitive simpli-

city, was stretched in the sun, throwing an occasional pebble into the 'standing pool,' close to the cottage door; "Jimmy," she repeated, "run hoot after Ellen, and tell her granny wants her. Make haste, do; or sorra a sup of buttermilk shall ye have to ye'r dinner."

Away ran the urchin, and presently with slow and measured pace Ellen returned to her old position at the door post.

"Come in, Ellen, and sit down."

"Thank ye, Bridget, I'm taller standing." "Ye'r tall enough, any way, Ellen, and a fine grown girl of your age; I'll go bail ye've had many a bachelor before now," said the old woman, in an insinuating tone, having lived long enough to understand the power of flattery, and really anxious to hear the news.

"May be I have, and may be I have not," replied the maiden.

"Don't be so strange in a neighbor's house, but come in," said Bridget.

"If I was in a neighbor's house, I need not come in, because, it's in I'd be already," simpere Ellen.

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated the granny. "how sharp we're grown! that's the sort of learning ye get from Miss Milly. Coming fine English over us,—it's myself can hardly understand a word you say, you spake so fine."

Ellen remained silent.

"Tell us the news, will ye?" said the old woman worn out of all patience by Ellen's silence.

"Where's the good of me speaking," replied Ellen, in a full, ripe, rich, musical brogue, perfectly guileless of any approximation to an English accent. "Where's the good of me speaking" when you can't understand me?"

"Och batherashon?" retorted Bridget, "have off now, and tell us what it is, at onst."

"Well then, here it's for ye," said Ellen, her features assuming a spiteful expression that was foreign to their nature. "Miss Milly Naylor is going to be married to—guess who?"

"Guess, how should I guess? A methody parson?"

"Methody parson!" repeated Ellen, scornfully; "No."

"Who then?"

"Robert O'Gorman O'Leary, Esquire," replied Ellen, in a triumphant voice.

Bridget crossed herself devoutly, prayed to be delivered from sin, sorcery and witchcraft, and then burst into a strain of lamentation, of which I can give but a feeble imitation.

"Oh, merciful Moses! the Squire of the country, the heart's bloody of the gentry, the darling of a boy that my sister nursed, the finest man in the country's side—see that now! Oh, Milly Naylor! Milly Naylor! it wasn't for nothing ye shaded yer eyes with a white satin bonnet; it wasn't for nothing ye looked as mild as new milk; it wasn't for nothing ye walked like a thrush; it wasn't for nothing ye sung on yer toes; it wasn't for nothing ye danced like a sunbeam."

"It was not for nothing," interrupted Ellen, indignantly, "that she had the blessing of the old, and the prayers of the young, see what they've brought. She'll be the first lady in the country, and moreover, do as she likes, as every wife of an O'Leary did before her. It's their fate."

"Go along home do, ye damsel of a thing.—What do you know about the fate of the O'Learys?" said Bridget, looking steadily at Ellen.

"What do I know about the fate of the O'Learys?" repeated Ellen, "why, I know this, that every one of them was led this way by their wives; to illustrate her assertion, Ellen placed her finger and thumb on the tip of her pretty little retousse nose, and laughed so merrily, that Bridget could have scratched her eyes out with perfect good will.

"You know that do you, you young kite," she exclaimed furiously. "Well then I know more than that; I'll see if I can't turn the luck on their wedding day, or know whether or not there's a virtue left in St. Stephen's well."

Ellen again turned from the cottage; and again laughed as lightly, if not as loudly as before.

"I'll be a match for you any way, granny," she murmured to herself. "I'll see that my darling young lady has law and right, or I'll know the reason why. St. Stephen's well indeed! only that it would turn the nature of the blessed wather, I wish the old witch was ten feet under its highest wave!"

It is necessary for my readers to understand, that St. Stephen's well, or rather, (that I may be quite correct) I will say, the water in St. Stephen's well, is supposed to possess some qualities which would render it exceedingly valuable in many—in indeed in all countries; it is a fact upon record, that, when a pair are married, whichever of the newly united first tastes of this holy water becomes ruler over the other during the remainder of their natural lives. The fame of this blessed spring is, I believe, as great as ever, and hundreds of bright eyes have been reflected from its mirror-like surface, and thousands of rosy lips have dipped in its cool waters, hoping thereby to secure that authority which lords and ladies have coveted, do covet, and will covet to the end of the chapter of life.

"It's fifty good miles and more to St. Stephen's well," mused old Bridget, while taking her pipe from its hole in the wall, "but what do I care for that? didn't my sister nurse him? and isn't he all as one as my own blood—only better? Sure I'd as soon see him in his grave as to be ruled by that little mix of a thing—that to my fancy nas neither blood, bone, nor beauty. 'Tis the fate of the O'Learys to be ruled by their wives, but by the Holy Virgin, if a drop of the water of the blessed well of St. Stephen's can break the law—joy to ye'r heart, Robert O'Gorman O'Leary, require! Ould as I am, I'll fetch it ye to the church door, if it was twice as far away as it is;—let a bit of a girl like that white laced Milly Naylor rule the house of O'Leary! I'd die, and lave my bones in a strange country first."

The next morning the neighbors all said how old Bridget Shane had taken a vow, and gone a pilgrimage, and many thought it was time she did so, for she was considered an evil spoken and evil tempered woman throughout the neighborhood.

The morning of Millicent's bridal had arrived; it was one of those delicious and heavenly skies which shine out upon weeping Ireland as if to make amends for the long days of tears, and the long nights of heavy dew, which fertilize, and yet seem to render the atmosphere hea-

vy with sorrow. Millicent was considered a most fortunate girl by her companions; for the young squire was rich, handsome, and good natured; one who, to confess the truth, it would be easy enough to lead; but Millicent was never fond of leading, at least, if she had any taste that way she managed effectually to conceal it; and yet she had no skill at concealments; her mind was like a full blown rose, all perfume and beauty. Her bed room, where she was dressing, was heaped; bed, chairs, tables—all heaped with various presents from her young friends—old, indeed, as well as young, furnished a *trousseau* neither costly nor elegant, those who had nothing to give waited without the door, that (to use their own expressive language) 'they might leave their blessing on her head'; but Millicent more than once inquired, 'Who had seen Ellen Neville?' and more than once looked from her window, anxious to discover her amongst the crowd.

"Don't be after hitherin me from spaking to her," exclaimed a well known voice outside her chamber door as the fair bride was drawing on her gloves. "If it was twenty times she was married, let alone onst, she'd spake with all the veins of her heart to her poor Ellen."

"That I would!" said Millicent, when Ellen knelt before her, with pallid cheek, and eyes and hands uplifted in admiration: "but where," inquired the fair girl, "have you been, my poor Ellen; I have missed you nearly a week."

"I'll tell you that some other time, Miss Milly, darling. Och! but how beautiful you look—and that gown—well, to be sure!—and the veil! well, it is illigant! I've been a long journey, sure enough, as good as a hundred miles; and I don't care about it now, as I am in time; but Miss Milly, what should overtake me on the road but the shake the ague some calls it, and I was bad entirely, but I wouldn't turn back, for it was for something for you I was going just—now don't laugh (though sure your laugh is the purest music in Ireland)—just a drop of a charm that's in this daisy bottle, and all I'll ax of you is, when the holy wedding is over, just to put that weeny bottle to yer lips, so as to wet them with what's in it. Oh, Miss, honey, ye'r not going to deny me such a thing as that?—Sure, then, you wouldn't refuse your poor Ellen, after thrampin' a hundred miles, that you might have ye'r right, and not be put upon. I'll incense ye into the reason of it some other time—only say ye'll do it!"

"Yes, Ellen, I will; although I do not believe in charms, I'll do it to please you," replied the young lady, really affected at this proof of the superstition and affection of her humble friend.

"Before you leave the altar, persisted Ellen. 'Yes, I promise; but—"

What her question might have been I cannot say, for her bridesmaid hurried her to the carriage, and, in less than twenty minutes, she stood before the altar of what is but too frequently seen in Ireland—a ruined church. Peering through the window directly over the communion table, two heads were distinctly visible, as having risen by the aid of the mouldering stones, considerably above the crowd of eager faces, who pressed close to the glass; the upper snash was down, and the thin bony hand of Bridget Shane clung to the wood work. At the opposite corner Ellen Neville had found a footing, and her eyes filled with tears as the ceremony proceeded.

When it was finished, the shrill voice of Bridget Shane was heard above the murmurings of the crowd.

"Master of the hill side," she exclaimed, "my people nursed yours since Ireland was the finest country in the world, and that's forever. And now, Mister O'Leary, sir for the sake of old times, and the love they bore ye, just raise this little vial to ye'r lips, to please ould granny Shane."

The bridegroom extended his hand, but before he touched the magic bottle Millicent had tasted hers to the dregs.

"Ah, ye ould divil, ye'r bet—ye'r bet!" shouted the faithful Ellen. "Turn the luck now if I can! See there." She pointed triumphantly to where the vial Bridget had given the bridegroom had fallen from his fingers, and was broken into a thousand glittering fragments at his feet.

The country declared the fate of the O'Learys was confirmed, though I never heard that the excellent squire considered himself the victim of female domination.

A GOOD TOAST.—Among the toasts given at a recent Whig celebration at Ogdensburg, New York, was the following:

"Woman.—A mother she cherishes and corrects us—A sister, she consults us, a sweet heart, she coquets and conquers us—a wife she comforts and confides in us—without her what would become of us?"

Become of us? Some of us, you mean. Man without a woman, is like a shell without the oyster, just like it. In our simple and humble opinion more like that than any thing else. One good cart load of oyster shells is worth more than any two old masts, crabbed, dried up old bachelors. Who decides against us? We appeal to all the sensible men, (that is all that are married,) and all the pretty women in the world!

Pitts American.